



### THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

Camp Jewett at "The Front," in a park overlooking Niagara River. Thirteen hundred tents, with accommodations for eleven thousand veterans. (By courtesy of "The Buffalo Express.")

## HE LIVED TO BEAR HIS TITLE

### COLONEL CHAMBERLAIN WON THE RANK WHICH WAS GIVEN TO MARK HIS TOMBSTONE.

The Doctor lives in the southeastern corner of Orleans County, near the Genesee line. If a traveller cannot find his house readily, any one within a radius of twenty miles will direct him accurately. Everybody knows the Doctor, for which he himself is to be held accountable. He is sixty-five years old. He is tall, slender, straight as a rifle-barrel. His long white hair is silky and fine, and shines like silver. His mustache droops over a firm, clear cut mouth. His face is thin and his nose aquiline. He always wears a broad-brimmed soft felt hat. The man's whole bearing suggests the soldier. This impression is intensified by a fascinating trick of profanity, which he learned in the Army days.

The Doctor was not a soldier. He fought, however, with the Army of the Potomac for two years, when the fighting was most deadly. His conflicts were behind the hot, smoky lines. He strove for the lives of wrecked men. He saw things which made young men old before their time. Once he ordered Ulysses S. Grant to withdraw from the line of fire; once he saved the life of one of the bravest men in the service, and made him a brigadier-general to boot on the spot. He also did many other things, concerning which he keeps silence, for he dislikes to talk of himself. Of those known he himself did not speak. Others have told the stories.

Many persons outside of New-England have heard of Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, of the State of Maine. He has been more or less prominently connected with the Government of the United States and of his native Commonwealth since the war. He was president of Bowdoin College until 1883, when he resigned. Chamberlain left the faculty of Bowdoin College in 1862 for Virginia, in command of the 20th Maine Regiment, hard fighters, with many scars of honor on their flags. On June 18, 1864, the Army of the Potomac was sitting in front of Petersburg. The fire was bitter all along the lines. Scrimmages and close infighting swung backward and forward.

Colonel Chamberlain in person, as was his habit, led his brigade, for he had been placed over more regiments than his own by that time. He was struck down, helpless. His men, who worshipped him as men do those whom they trust from knowledge acquired in minutes of expected death, carried him to the nearest field hospital. The Doctor had charge of it. He had been working for twenty hours. He did the cutting, and pushed the dismembered bodies along for his assistants to tie up and bandage. Blood covered him and made him dark brown. His boots were soggy, as are men's who walk in thin mud. The water in the mud was dark brown also. The thick, cloudy fluid had made little rivulets, which collected in puddles against the barrier formed by waxy legs and arms. There was a heavy smell in the air. It arose from the fresh blood and the human wreckage.

The men with the litter set it down. One of them advanced.

"Who is it?" said the Doctor shortly. He had no time for parley.

"Colonel Chamberlain of the 20th Maine," replied the soldier. "He's hurt bad, Doc."

"Bring him up," said the Doctor. He had known "Josh" Chamberlain for a brave man, and had awaited news of his death ever since he first had met him. They laid Chamberlain on the table. The Doctor made a rapid examination. He said nothing. Chamberlain had followed him with silent lips, but with eloquent eyes.

"Well, Doc," he murmured, "am I a goner?"

"You are pretty badly hurt, Colonel," said the Doctor. He was shot through the abdomen. The bullet had ripped into the intestines.

"Doc," whispered Chamberlain, as he grasped the Doctor's hand, "Doc, I've got a wife and two boys up there in Maine. I want to see them before I go. Can you help me through?"

The Doctor turned away. He saw a party of horsemen a little to his right. A short, thick-set man, with round shoulders and a slouch hat was sitting his horse in front of the others. The surgeon recognized the horseman in the dim, unconscious way of persons who are deep in thought. He was wondering what he should say to Chamberlain. It was such a forlorn hope. The hand closed on his again.

"Well, what is it to be, Doc?"

"Chamberlain, you shall see them," said the Doctor, "and by God, my boy, if man can do it, I'll see you Governor of Maine yet."

The surgeon set to work. In those days surgery was in the infancy of its development. Anesthesia had just been discovered; antiseptics was dark in the future. It is a strange thing that more men did not die behind the fighting lines.

The Doctor looked up from his work, disturbed by the sound of trampling horses breaking through low bushes. The short, sturdy, round-shouldered man had dismounted. He advanced, rolling a cigar about his lips. He was General Grant. The Doctor knew him. He touched his hand to his forehead.

"Who is it?" asked Grant, as he caught sight of the motionless form on the table.

"Colonel Chamberlain, sir, of the 20th Maine," replied the surgeon.

"I know him," said Grant. "Is he badly hurt?"

"He will not live until morning," muttered the Doctor. "Shot through the lower intestines."

"He's too good a man to die," said the General, as he watched the still, sad face. "He was worth a great deal to us."

A sudden inspiration seized the Doctor.

"He is too damn good to die, General Grant," he cried, as he faced the Commander of the Army, looking down on him. "But I guess he's got to go. He's a colonel. 'Colonel' will be cut on his tombstone. He's worth more than that. He will not live until sunrise. Let them make it 'General' on the stone, sir."

Grant looked up sharply. His eyes wandered

to the table. He chewed his cigar. His hands were behind his back. He was resting on one foot, the other was pushed a little out. It was a characteristic pose.

"I guess you're right, Doctor," he said slowly. "General" would look better. They may make it 'general'."

The Doctor put out his damp hand. Grant took it.

"Can you pull him through?" he asked.

"I'll do it, by God, I'll do it," said the Doctor simply.

He pulled him through. Perhaps it was the news of his promotion. Perhaps it was the coming of his wife from Maine. At any rate, Brigadier-General Chamberlain conducted the formalities of Lee's surrender at Appomattox as a special mark of his services. But he always said that it was the Doctor who should have had the glory.



MAYOR JEWETT OF BUFFALO AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF CLARKSON IN G. A. R. UNIFORM.

(By courtesy of "The Buffalo Express.")